tells me that if the leftists ever come into power, they will not pay the debts of the present government. I cannot believe this. . . . Moreover, I do not believe they will ever get power."

He expected Mr. Thompson to translate his words, but I replied in English, "Wait and and see."

"The press," the young man continued, "makes much of your meetings. But I have been assured by high—yes, very high—authorities that all you have there is a handful of Anarchists and students. The people—the peasants and the workers—are firmly behind the throne."

"Come to our meeting," I replied, "and check this information."

"How can I? Won't the Anarchists kill me?"

"I guarantee your complete safety," I assured him.

"Where and when is the next gathering?"

"Come to the University tonight. I will keep a place for you."

He looked at Mr. Thompson, who nodded. Then, like a man taking a plunge, he said, "I accept your offer for myself, my three colleagues, and Mr. Thompson."

"Eight o'clock sharp," I told him. "Send me a note from the entrance hall. I shall be in the chair in the main hall."

I was angry at the arrogant young man and decided to show him our meetings in their true light.

At eight o'clock I was in the speaker's pulpit in the main hall when a note signed by Mr. Thompson was handed to me. I hurried to the entrance hall and found the correspondent and four gentlemen, wearing large overcoats and bright gloves, surrounded by a curious and not too friendly crowd. Apparently they were not amused by the loud jokes of the bystanders at their expense, which Mr. Thompson was translating.

The five gentlemen shook hands with me with such profusion of cordiality that the crowd must have felt they were my very, very dear friends. I took them in tow and conducted them, not by the shortest and easiest way, to the main hall. It was packed to standing capacity, but, in the narrow place behind the pulpit kept free for the speakers, chairs had been placed for our guests. The chairman called on me to speak.

I talked about current events, the aspirations of the Russian people, and the imminent victory of the revolution. Nikolai spoke next. His speech was addressed to the Tsar, whom he called the "Anointed Butcher." He looked at the empty frame of the Tsar's portrait as he talked, and his lashing words aroused frantic applause. Krylenko followed. His subject was the interference of foreign capitalists in Russian affairs.

"The emissaries of foreign banks are here, in St. Petersburg," he

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